

The History of

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I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauie too: God keep Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne bowels: I haue led my rag of Muffians where they are peperd: theres not three of my 150. left alieue, and they are for the townes end, to begge during life. But who comes heere? *Enter the Prince.*

Prince What standst thou idle heere? lend mee thy Sword, Many a Noble man lies starke and stiffe, Vnder the houes of vaunting enemies, Whose deaths are yet vnreueng'd, I prethee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: Turke *Gregorie* neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this day: I haue payd *Percy*, I haue made him sure.

Prince. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee; I prethee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. Nay before God *Hal*, if *Percy* be alieue, thou getst not my sword, but take my pistoll if thou wilt.

Prince Giue it me: what is it in the case?

Fal. I *Hal*, tis hot, theres that will sacke a Citie.

The Prince drawes it out, and findes it a bottell of Sacke.

Prince What is it a time to iest and dally now?

He throwes the Bottell at him. Exit.

Fal. If *Percy* be alieue, Ile pierce him, if he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbo-nado of me. I like not such grinning honour as *sir Walter* hath: giue me life, which if I can saue, so: if not, honour comes vn-lookt for, and theres an end.

Alarme, excursions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and Earle of Westmerland.

King I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too much; Lord *John* of *Lancaster*, goe you with him.

P. John Not I, my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.

Prin. I beseech your Maiestie make vp, Lest your retirement doe amaze your friends.

K. I will do so; my L. of *Westmerland*, leade him to his Tent.

West. Come, my Lord, Ile leade you to your Tent.

Prince Leade me my Lord, I doe not need your helpe; And God forbid a shallow scratch should driue

Henry the Fourth.

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The prince of *Wales* from such a field as this, Where staine Nobilitie lies troden on, And Rebels Armes triumph in massacres.

John We breathe too long, come coolen *Westmerland*, Our duty this way lies: For Gods sake come.

Prin. By God, thou hast deceiu'd me *Lancaster*, I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit; Before I lou'd thee as a brother *John*, But now I doe respect thee as my soule.

King I saw him hold Lord *Percy* at the poynt, With lustier maintenance then I did looke for Of such an vngrowne Warriour.

Prin. O, this Boy lends mettall to vs all. *Exit.*

Dowg. Another King, they grow like Hydras heads, I am the *Dowglas* fatall to all those That weare those colours on them. What art thou That counterfeist the person of a King?

K. The King himselfe, who *Dowglas* grieues at heart, So many of his shadowes thou hast met, And not the very King: I haue two Boyes. Seeke *Percy* and thy selfe, about the Field; But seeing thou fallst on me so luckily, I will assay thee, and defend thy selfe.

Dowg. I feare thou art another Counterfeit; And yet in faith thou bearst thee like a King: But mine I am sure thou art, who ere thou be; And thus I winne thee,

They fight, the King being in danger, enter Prince of Wales.

Prince. Hold vp thy head vile *Scot*, or thou art like Neuer to hold it vp againe, the spirits Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Armes, It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee, Who neuer promiseth, but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Dowglas flieth.
Cheerely my Lord, how fares your Grace? *Sir Nicholas Gawsey* hath for succour sent, And so hath *Clifton*: Ile to *Clifton* strait.

King. Stay, and breathe a while,

K 2

Thou